

# Cry from Greece



waiting outside the AVEROFF PRISON, ATHENS, to take food to their men folk.

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MAIN

SIXPENCE



# CRY FROM GREECE

**T**ODAY, eight years after the liberation of Greece from German occupation, there are still more than 20,000 men and women detained in prisons and camps because of their political opinions.

This pamphlet can only touch on the reasons for this tragic state of affairs, but in it we hope to show what British people are doing to alleviate the inevitable suffering and to bring hope and comfort to a brave and undefeated people who have sacrificed much in a common cause.

## HOW RELIEF IS SENT

Since 1947, the Relief Committee of the League for Democracy in Greece has been working to relieve the needs of the Greek political prisoners and exiles and their families.

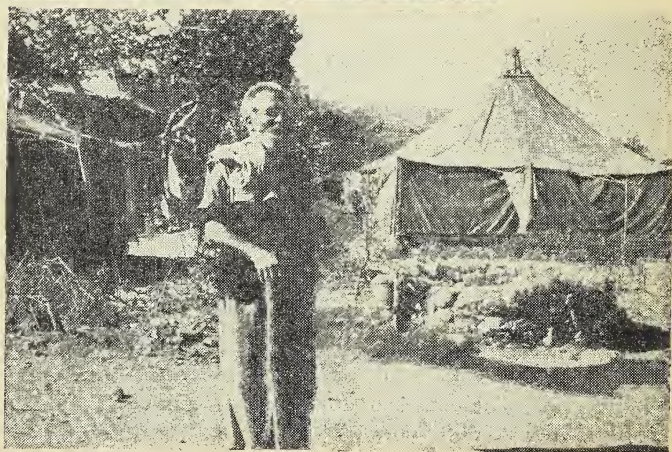
This has been done in two ways; the first through the International Red Cross, to whom 371 sacks of clothes and blankets in addition to considerable quantities of food were sent. The I.R.C. delegate in Athens distributes the supplies in the prisons and Island Concentration Camps.

Regular reports with photostats of receipts signed by representatives of the prisoners and photographs of the distributions (some of which you will see on page 2), are sent to the League. In a recent letter from the International Red Cross, after asking us to convey their most sincere thanks to our members for the relief sent regularly throughout the year, express the hope that we will be able to continue the supply, as the needs of political exiles and detainees in Greece are still as great as ever.

Our second method is help through individual parcels to families. The League has assisted British families to send parcels direct to the destitute families of Greek political prisoners and exiles.



These photographs were taken during International Red Cross distributions of our relief supplies to the men and women 'exiles' on the islands of Ai Stratis and Trikeri.





Artists, Trade Unionists, Doctors, Musicians and Writers have been put in touch with their opposite numbers in Greece. Several Women's Co-operative Guilds have "adopted" Greek families. Already 370 prisoners' families are regularly receiving parcels and new appeals for help come in every week. The limiting factor at present is finance. A 22-lb. parcel costs 15/- to send.

This material help is of tremendous value in keeping up the morale of the aged people and the poverty stricken families left without their breadwinner. Again and again their letters stress that the mere realisation that someone in a far country cares and wants to help them gives them new hope and courage.

Letters, family snapshots, books, magazines, toys, artists' materials and music make their way across the hundreds of miles separating the two countries, carrying with them an ever-growing fund of mutual understanding and international goodwill. So grateful was one family for the parcels received from England that when a baby was born into the family the sender was asked to become its godmother. She agreed and today, in a Greek village, a little girl is growing up having been baptized with an English name.

As a token of their gratitude, many Greek families have sent their British friends delicately carved model boats and finely crocheted mats made by the men and women and girls in the prisons and camps.

We hope that the response to this pamphlet may help us to extend this side of our work still further.

### **THE PRISONERS AND EXILES**

It should be stressed that there are at least 20,000 men, women and children in prisons or concentration camps today as political opponents of the regime. Of those in prison the vast majority have been sentenced by Special Court Martial after gross ill-treatment and farcical trials. Many were sentenced simply because they were active trade unionists or had taken part in the Resistance against the Germans and Italians. 1,000 men and women are still "exiled" in concentration camps on the Islands of Ai Stratis and Trikkeri. Some have now been "exiled" for seven years without any charge or trial. During that time many have been driven insane or contracted tuberculosis and other diseases owing to systematic ill-treatment and undernourishment. The "Security Committees" which sit in secret and usually in the absence of the accused, are supposed only to be able to "exile" anyone for a

year. In fact they automatically renew the sentence unless the exiles sign a humiliating repudiation of their political beliefs. They are in no sense courts of law, no defence is allowed and no evidence heard. All that is necessary is that a policeman should state that he considers the accused to be a danger to public order.

### **. . . BUT DO THE PARCELS GET THERE?**

Sympathisers often ask this, especially since the publicity about the heartless action of the Camp Commandants of the men's and women's camps on Ai-Stratis and Trikkeri who refused to allow prisoners to receive individual parcels from abroad. About twenty parcels from Britain were involved in this episode and eventually the Greek Post Office was obliged to refund postage and return charges to the senders. As all efforts so far have failed to get an understanding from the Greek authorities that these prisoners may receive relief parcels from abroad, parcels are not being sent to Ai-Stratis and Trikkeri for the moment and the only supplies reaching the prisoners there are those distributed in bulk by the International Red Cross.

Every sack and crate that we have sent to the International Red Cross has arrived intact and been duly acknowledged.

A careful check is also kept on the acknowledgement of individual parcels to families. Apart from one or two that were incorrectly addressed, all have arrived safely. The joy that they brought to the recipients can be seen in the letters.

### **WHAT IS NEEDED ?**

Most of all, money to pay the heavy freight and postage and to buy things like blankets and men's clothes, which rarely reach us in sufficient quantities to meet the requests.

Clothes, blankets, food, soap, sweets for the children, books (especially the classics, dictionaries and grammars) and magazines and technical journals, are all in great demand. Donations of shop-soiled clothes from shops would help us greatly. The possibilities in this direction are shown by a wonderful gift of about six tons of food from the Warrington Co-operative Society.

### **DO THESE PEOPLE REALLY NEED HELP ?**

This can best be answered by letting some of the recipients speak for themselves. The letters that follow were written to different British friends who sent them parcels.

## THE AGED

*Letter from Marianthi I., whose son Artemis, a radio engineer, has been imprisoned for five years.*

November 16th, 1950.

"Dear friend,

I am writing to thank you for the parcel which you so kindly sent me. It could not have arrived at a better moment because I was just wondering how I was going to be able to send something to my boy in prison. You ask me to tell you about my family so I will tell you. We are four. There is my son, Artemis who is in prison, my daughter Katina and my sister Alexandra and, of course, myself. My daughter is the only one who is well enough to do any work. She spends all her time knitting woollen clothes but, as you will realise, she cannot earn enough in this way to feed us and to send food to the prison as well.

And my sister and I are too old. My sister is 68 and I am 72.

We have known very hard times. I lost my first son during the Albanian campaign against the Italian attack in 1940. He was a gay boy of 26. My husband had died only a short time before. Then our home in Piraeus was heavily bombed and now the worst blow of all. They arrested my son and put him in prison. Without any human feelings they beat him almost to death and then they took him to the Court Martial and sentenced him to death.

Whatever you can send us will be greatly appreciated. The only thing I will specially ask you to send if you can is some woollen socks for my son and, if you please, an old suit for he has nothing decent to wear. We are in desperate need and whatever you are able to send us will bring comfort.

I am, your friend,  
Marianthi."

## THE YOUNG

*Letter to Francis Loeffler from Eftihia S., a 20-year-old village girl, the sole supporter of two young sisters and a brother.*

October 18th, 1951

"Respected Sir,

Greetings. I want to tell you that I received your parcel which gave me such joy that I could not restrain my tears. The good and beautiful things in it caused great excitement among my little brother and sisters and much joy.

From my small and unfertile plot I cannot secure bread for my little brother and sisters. So I do whatever work I can for others so that we can get our daily bread.

Dear sir, and saviour, I am sure that great sorrow would overwhelm you if you were ever to see me going out to work for others.

At twenty years of age, when life should be joyous and I should be laughing, I am weeping with worry and troubles. Even if I were able to have one feast day without work just so that I could go for a walk I should be ashamed for my clothes are all patches, and in any case I should be too tired.

I cannot write more because when I start to open my heart and talk about my troubles the tears begin to come and all that I have been through appears before my eyes. But the Creator of the Universe who knows all, knows this too. As you know we have neither father nor mother at home to protect and support us so everything you send is helping me to feed and clothe my little brother and sisters.

With great and warm love,  
Eftihia.

## THE MOTHERS

*Extracts from letters to Mlle. Paraige from Kaliopi G.*

" . . . I have a little girl of four years. Her father has been in prison for four years and he does not know his child. I am doing my best to support our child but wherever I went to try and get a decent job it was denied me. I decided to go as a servant in a house but it proved too difficult because I have my child. So finally I started going from house to house doing washing. I was young and the work was hard and now I suffer from rheumatism. You can imagine my position . . . ."

(Later)

"It was a great pleasure for me to get your letter. My husband has also received your parcel and he asked me to thank you very much on his behalf. Up to now we have had no help from anyone. His relatives cannot help him at all. I had to work very hard to be able to send him some food and now I am ill we are in desperate need of everything. We were without clothes, but fortunately we have received your parcel and so this need has been covered. My little daughter sends you a kiss. My poor little girl! She has the misfortune to be growing up without knowing her father.

Kaliopi.

*Letter from Mrs. Tassoula T., to an English friend.*

Dear Mrs. Margaret,

We were overjoyed when we received your letter and realised that there are people who feel and share our sorrows. It is so good of you to help a family like mine. In our country such families are down-trodden but they do not succumb despite all they suffer.

We are seven people and not one of us has a job. We try to subsist on a small pension which our father receives. He is 65. We are without work, not because we do not want to work, but because they will not take us.





### THE WOMAN WHO WAS ASHAMED

When Paul Hogarth drew this picture in Athens in August 1952, he noticed that the woman did not attempt to sell her matches to the passers by. She did not know how to beg and turned her head away. She was ashamed. She was one of the many respectable Greek working women who was driven to beg in the streets to get bread for her children.

Since 1945, when they took my husband, I have been staying with my parents and I have my two children with me. The one is a girl of seven and the other a boy of six. They are nice children and when I can manage it I will send you a photograph of them. Owing to the hardships I suffer from endocarditis and I spent this summer in hospital. Since 1945, my husband has been on an island of exile and after passing through the 'reformatory camps' he has a fractured leg. But I will say again that they cannot frighten us whatever they try to do to break our morale. We have got used to hardships and with God's help we hope to see better days.

We thank you for the parcel since it will enable us to send something to my husband now at Christmas. Everything will be useful especially the blanket since, when I left our native village in Macedonia we could not take our things with us. Actually I would like to ask you to send me another if it is at all possible. I do not want to be too much of a burden by asking you for specific things that we need. In the state that we are in everything is needed and therefore just send us whatever you can spare especially clothes for men and children.

We would of course be glad to hear about your family. My parents and my two sisters also thank you and the children. We congratulate you and all the London families who are sending help. As you see I am enclosing the measurements of the children.

Yours with respect,

Tassoula.

*Extracts from letters to Mrs. Akroyd from Chrisoula P., whose tubercular brother is a political prisoner.*

Dear Madam,

I cannot find words to thank you for your kindness. My joy is boundless because I shall now be able to send a few clothes to my suffering brother. I will describe the position of our family during the past eight years.

Our father, who was a lawyer in the provinces had the misfortune to lose his sight some years ago and we found ourselves—three small children and our mother in a hopeless state.

The occupation in addition created many wounds. At the age of sixteen my brother was arrested by the Germans and then our real sufferings began. My brother—a delicate boy—had his first haemorrhage behind prison bars. Then came the Liberation and with that joy the bitter cup of the death of our father, who died without seeing that they had ruined the health of his only son. I had a sister, very young, who, seeing our tragic situation went out of her mind and for nine years she has been in the Municipal Mental Home. This plight of my sister is what forced us to leave the provinces and come to the capital where, under wretched conditions we live in a damp place for which we pay 150,000 drachmas.

(Later)

Dear Madam,

I cannot tell you how overjoyed my unhappy mother and I were when we received the parcel. This bit of paper cannot describe my feelings to you. You should have been here with us to see the tears of joy in my mother's eyes. How can we ever forget you who, from the other end of the world, have sympathy and understanding for unhappy and suffering people like us.

We have some relations even who do not help us but mock us in our plight. Many times we have wept and suffered because of their mockery. Because my brother is in prison and we don't desert him as they want us to they have become estranged from us and treat us with contempt. And we have to accept all this, not having the strength or heart to speak out to them as we would like to.

But God, who forsakes no one, has sent us such good friends from abroad and they are better than our own relations.

My brother already had tuberculosis of the lungs. Now he has developed tuberculosis of the kidney and he has urgent need of streptomycin. But not only have we no money for these injections but they cannot be bought since they have disappeared from the market. We have already spent so much trying to save him that we are completely ruined but we always hope that everything will in time change for the better.

Your friend,  
Chrisoula.

### A YOUNG GIRL PRISONER

*Letter from Victoria Eleftheriadou to a group of young people who wished to help the family. Her young sister Effi aged 20 has been for four years in prison although she is crippled and tubercular.*

5th September 1951.

My dear friend,

I am the sister of Effi and I am replying on behalf of my mother because she is now in our village. Your letter gave us real joy, but at the same time it was a surprise. To be honest we never expected to receive a letter so kind and so full of interest. From your country we have so far experienced nothing but misfortune. Of course, I understand that not all people are the same and that there are many among you who know the truth.

Effi is in Athens in the Kifissia Prison for girls under 21. We get two letters a month from her. She is ill and in the last months has lost about 7 lbs. Last Easter I went with my mother to see her. Unfortunately we have not enough money to go often and we prefer to send her anything we can spare because she is in desperate need of everything. If she were in Salonica it would be easy for us to

take her food. In prison the food they get is horrible. Last month they took an X-ray of her and it showed shadows on the lung. The majority of the girls have tuberculosis and they are all shut up together. But she suffers mostly from her feet, having lost her toes from frostbite and not being able to walk properly.

What she has suffered is a long story. When they arrested her she was half dead. They left her shut up in a wooden shed without any blankets though she had a high temperature. She was wounded in the arm and, for about a month, her wound smelt horribly. She had no medical attention and, only after great efforts, were we able to take our own doctor to the prison to see her. She has now lost her arm, but never mind. She was so ill that we almost lost her as we lost our dearest Koula.

Koula was killed by the firing squad. What suffering that was, and still is for us! Our mother has become a complete wreck. The loss of Koula was a great grief for us. She was so kind and everyone was fond of her. She was so young and beautiful. When we went to see her for the last time she was very calm. Instead of us giving her courage it was she who consoled us. She had done nothing wrong. How could they kill her? The Germans—may they be cursed forever—arrested her during the occupation and beat and tortured her, but at least they did not kill her.

Now Effi is to be re-tried. We have very little hope because naturally she will refuse to sign the statement of denunciation which they want.

We thank you for your interest.

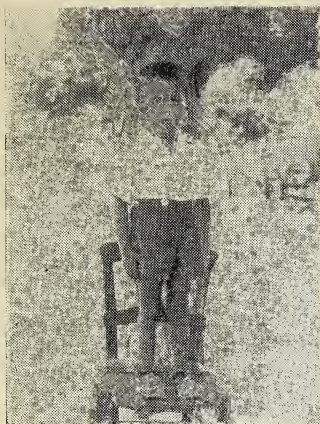
Your friend,  
Victoria.

*Koula Eleftheriadou was executed in Salonica in 1947 after being sentenced to death by a Special Court Martial. She was repeatedly offered her life if she would agree to denounce her comrades. This she refused to do and consequently she paid the supreme penalty.*

*Effi, who was then sixteen years old, fearing the same fate took to the mountains. After a battle between the guerillas (Democratic Army) and the governmental forces she was picked up half-dead from frostbite and severely wounded in the arm. The rest of the story is dramatically told by her sister. She could gain her freedom by denouncing her principles but this, in spite of her youth, she refuses to do.*



## THE CHILDREN



Gerasimakis Orfanos



Vassilikoula Gotis

Gerasimakis and Vassilikoula are two little Greek children. Both were born in Piraeus in May, 1948, within a few days of one another. Their parents were friends for Gerasimakis' father, Nikos Orfanos and Vassilikoula's father, Antonis Gotsis, were both seamen and members of the same trade union.

Three weeks after these babies were born their fathers were arrested. They were tried by a Special Court Martial and sentenced to death. Fortunately in their case the many appeals made on their behalf by people throughout the world saved them from the firing squad, but they have remained in prison to this very day.

Gerasimakis and Vassilikoula are now nearly five years old but they have grown up without a father's protection and care. Vassilikoula lives with her mother who has struggled throughout these five years to feed her baby daughter and to save something each month to send to her husband in prison. At first her father was helping her but he was old and died a year ago leaving her without any help at all and with a young sister to look after as well.

Gerasimakis is looked after by his mother and friends have done what they could to help but it is still a great struggle to feed and clothe him.

The story of these two children is the story of many thousands of children left without father or mother when their parents have been arrested and imprisoned.

## THE PRISONERS

*This letter was sent to an English woman who had been sending parcels to and corresponding with Nikos' aged mother. Youra is one of the most dreaded prisons in Greece. It is on a remote and barren island and conditions there are so bad that even the Romans would not use it as a prison.*

Youra 17.3.52

Dear Aunt Alice,

I received your letter with great joy and emotion. I thank you very much indeed for your great interest in my mother. It is very difficult for me to tell you how grateful I am to you for your kindness, for your respect and love.

I know how much you and all your friends there think of me and I feel you very close to me. And I want you to know that you too are always in my thoughts and in my heart. On some days I feel as if you are standing close at my side and that I can hear your heart beats. I am sure that above all the storms and the crashing of the waves on this rock island you can hear my heart beating.

To your love, tenderness, respect and interest I add ours as well as our infinite love in our great duty for the joy, the song, the happiness and the peace of mankind.

With love,  
Nikos.

*Letter from Fotini T. in reply to one from an English woman who wrote asking how she could help.*

November 12th, 1952

Dear friend,

I received your letter and the interest you display in us moves me very much. You ask whether we need help. Unfortunately our needs are very great and many.

My first concern, of course, is for my husband who, as you know, has been away from us for six years, and so I am sending you a part of his letter to me because he gives in it the list of the things he needs for the winter. Whatever you can send, please do.

Your friend,  
Fotini T.

*Extract from letter from the husband of Fotini T.*

"... You made me laugh when I read your letter and saw that you ask what I need. Don't be cross but I could not help it. How could I do anything else when I know what your financial position is. However, since you ask, and so as not to upset you, I will tell you. I will put my needs in order of priority but this is *on condition that you do not buy them*. I definitely forbid you to spend any of your money on

me—you need it for yourselves. But if you can find any of the following then send them to me. But I shall be very worried if you have to buy them so I would rather you didn't take any notice of my list than that you should spend your money. On that condition I will tell you that I need: (1) Boots; (2) lumber jacket (even if it's only thin because I can wear it over my other clothes; (3) shoes; (4) Pullover. Don't forget, I am not particular and it doesn't matter if they are secondhand. You are only to send me these things if you are able to get them easily and don't have to buy them yourself . . . ."

## THE EXILES

*Letter from Ioannis V., smuggled out to the English friend who had been sending help to his wife.*

Dear friend,

Warm greetings from the island of exile—Ai Stratis. The opportunity I have of writing to you since my wife visited me gave me great joy as I learned from her about all the interest which you have shown in my family. And I am very glad to be able to write and thank you. My wife talked most enthusiastically about you and now she is facing the situation with new courage. She has become convinced now that she does not stand alone and that, at our side, stand all the democrats of the world. The truth is that with my five years' absence from my home a terrible situation had been created both economically and psychologically due to the persecution of myself and of my wife's brother. I naturally recognise the sacrifices she has made and I place her before myself for her sacrifices in the democratic struggle.

I am taking this opportunity to send you two photographs taken whilst she is visiting me here. Such photographs as well as letters with one's ideas freely expressed are of course forbidden. The letters we write are censored and many times in the past our letters have been destroyed. Generally speaking our life is run on military lines. We live on a rock island and our tents are erected in the little valleys where there is no soil. The tents are torn and when it rains the water pours through wetting everything. Beside our tents is a stream which becomes a torrent when it floods, and causes damage to us and our belongings. Last year the rain washed away our possessions and we almost lost people as well. The damp is terrible and the result is that we are all suffering from rheumatism.

As a result of our terrible experiences—especially when we were on Makronisos—our health has deteriorated.

Now I will tell you a few things about my life. I was born in Rhodes in the Dodecanese and I was exiled from there because I would not agree to give up my Greek nationality and become an Italian. So from the time I was young I have hated fascism and I am very proud to belong to the democratic people of the world. I fought

in 1940-41 against Mussolini's fascists and was wounded. I took up my stand as a patriot during the occupation, side by side with progressive humanity and later as a trade unionist I stood side by side with other workers and struggled for our professional interests. For all this my reward has been five years in exile and I do not know how long yet it will go on. Send your news to my wife and she will let me know about it.

My greetings to all friends,

Ioannis V.

### AN EXILE APPEALS TO YOU

*Letter from Pandelis Karagitsis to friends in England.*

Athens, April 7th, 1952.

My dear friends,

The whole family greets you and we announce that I have been released following innumerable "adventures" and troubles. On April 2nd I was taken from the prison to the Security Police Station. They told me that I must go there in the afternoon. So in the afternoon I went accompanied by my little daughter who will not leave me. The Security police opened my files and told me "You will be kept." My little six year old daughter seemed to understand this new drama facing her father and she began to cry and scream. I asked them to let me take her—under escort—to our home but they would not allow this. In the end they let me telephone our lawyer who came and took her. She was crying bitterly and holding on to me because she did not want to say goodbye to me after only seeing me for a few hours after so many years in prison. Finally she left with a broken heart and very upset. I was taken down to the dungeons. The next day I was questioned about some completely imaginary things and they were so obviously untrue that they were obliged to let me go. However I was again called to the Security Police and this time the policeman Theoharopoulos told me that if I did not sign a denunciation there would be unpleasant consequences! Then he took me to the Chief of the Persecution of Communists section, Krondyris; he told me "you ought to have been shot but in any case don't think you'll get away this time." However I was then freed though I am under strict police surveillance.

*Please publish all the above in England. Send it on to other countries so that the whole world may learn. Raise a voice of protest for the salvation of the prisoners and exiles in Greece. For a world campaign for material help and relief. That no more blood may flow in Greece. For a general amnesty and for peace. Give great attention to material relief of the prisoners and exiles because the constant underfeeding and anti-hygienic conditions have dangerously impaired their health. The poverty of their relatives and the long years of imprisonment demand the immediate and consistent help of all peoples who love Greece. Those who have been*



saved from the execution squads so far are in danger of death from tuberculosis.

With many greetings, your fraternal friend,

Pandelis.

*Three months later.*

Transit Depot, Piraeus, July 7th, 1952.

Dear Friends,

I greet you on behalf of the family. My temporary freedom has come to an end. They arrested me again and for twenty-six days they kept me in the Security Police Station. Although my kidney trouble was worse whilst I was there and even when their own doctor advised that I be sent to hospital they did not send me. *It is clear that the hangmen of the Greek people do not want to hear of any movement to save the exiles and prisoners and that it is their programme to do them to death through undernourishment.* In the Security Police Station, the Deputy Director, Kontokolios, told me that the reason for my being exiled is that I sent appeals for help for the prisoners and exiles. Dear friends, this new trouble has cost me dearly. My little daughter, Electra, aged only 6½, who was there when they came to take me from the house, is now having frequent nightmares and is sick and losing weight. My wife also is ill; her heart trouble has become worse. My own kidney disease has worsened and I am in constant and terrible pain. But all this is little compared with the precious freedom and independence which we hoped for after the many years' struggle on the part of the invincible Greek people.

I unflinchingly believe that you will continue your worthy work on behalf of our suffering family. With many kisses to your children and greetings to all those who feel with us.

With infinite love and respect, your friend,

Pandelis.

*Pandelis Karagitsis was head of the National Solidarity Organisation (the Red Cross of the Resistance Movement) during the Axis Occupation of Greece. His organisation was responsible for saving the lives of many British and Commonwealth troops who were left behind after the evacuation of Greece. His whole life has been devoted to helping his fellow men and he has continued to do so even from prison camps and at the cost of his brief spell of freedom.*

*His health is now extremely bad and his life is endangered by his continued detention in a ragged tent on the island of Ai Strati.*

No words of ours can add poignancy to his appeal. We only ask you to respond with traditional British generosity.

For ways you can help please turn over.

## **HOW YOU CAN HELP THE PRISONERS AND THEIR FAMILIES**

- (1) **Send money** (as often as you can) to the Relief Committee, L.D.G., 19 Beak Street, London, W.1.

This is our greatest need in order to pay the heavy cost of postage and shipping. If we get enough we can buy blankets and government surplus clothing, etc., otherwise we must rely solely on what is sent to us.

- (2) Send us used clothes and blankets.
- (3) Send us food, especially tinned milk, meat, fish, sugar and sweets.
- (4) Get Co-op or sympathetic shops to make donations in kind or to let us have shop-soiled goods. Warrington Co-operative Society gave us nearly six tons of food.
- (5) "Adopt," either by sending parcels or by corresponding with a Greek prisoner or family. Write for particulars to the Secretary.
- (6) Send your old periodicals and/or books to a prisoner. Many read English and economic, literary, scientific, political, trade union and medical journals are always in demand.
- (7) Join the League for Democracy in Greece and help us in our work. Individual membership costs 5/- a year including our quarterly bulletin and all publications.  
Get your organisation to hear one of our speakers and to affiliate (Local organisations 10/-, District £1, National £5).

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Further information will gladly be given. Call, 'phone or write to the Secretary, League for Democracy in Greece, 19 Beak Street (off Regent Street), London, W.1. (GROsvenor 8279).

## RELIEF APPEAL

The Editor,  
Sir,

As the hallowed season of goodwill approaches may we appeal to your readers to help us to send desperately needed food, clothes and blankets to the 20,000 men, women and children detained in prisons and islands of exile in Greece.

For most of these people this will be at least the sixth Christmas they have spent away from their homes and, during the past six years, their health has seriously deteriorated. Many of them suffer from tuberculosis and other sicknesses and gifts of food and warm clothing may mean the difference between life and death. Their families are mostly poverty stricken and unable to help them.

The International Red Cross, which distributes the relief supplies sent by our Committee to their representative in Athens, is most anxious that more and more food and warm clothes should be sent for the political exiles and detainees in Greece. All gifts are gratefully accepted throughout the year, but anything given now will help to bring a little Christmas cheer into the hearts of these suffering people.

May we therefore urge you to send gifts in kind (tinned food, clothes, etc.) as well as financial donations towards the purchase of blankets and the payment of transport costs.

Send to: Relief Committee, L.D.G., 19 Beak Street, London, W.1.

(LORD) BOYD ORR

ETHEL MANNIN

(SIR) COMPTON MACKENZIE

(PROFESSOR) JOHN MAVROGORDATO

LEONARD CASSINI

PETER PEARS

A. E. COPPARD

(DR.) KATE ROBERTS

F. LEWIS DONALDSON (CANON

(DAME) SYBIL THORNDIKE

EMERITUS OF WESTMINSTER)

(LADY) MARY TREVELYAN

BARBARA DRAKE

The above letter was sent to the Press as a special appeal for help for Christmas, 1952. Please regard it as an appeal for help throughout 1953 since our Committee is anxious to maintain a continuous flow of relief supplies to Greece, **ALL THE TIME.**

# THE LEAGUE FOR DEMOCRACY IN GREECE

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